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differ considerably from that formed by most Northern people during and immediately after the war. Most of the principal prisons were certainly horrible places, cramped, dirty, unsanitary; the diet was bad and meagre; many of the keepers were cruel. That all the sufferings of Union soldiers in these pens were due to the Confederacy's poverty alone can never be shown. For all this, as the *Memories*, Chapter XI., reveal, Southern citizens and Confederate officers and men not only showed kindness to Federal prisoners, but often went out of their way to do this. The worst inflictions were due to "the caprices of their enlisted men, volunteers or conscripts, sometimes coarse, ignorant, and even brutal in spirit and conduct, who were on guard in charge of us, and even the officers themselves were at times compelled to carry out orders from those above them which they could not but regret. The Confederate prisoners on the floor above us were even more severely dealt with than ourselves." When nigh to death from innutrition in the Columbia prison Mr. Trumbull himself was supplied by a neighboring hotel-keeper with the food to which alone he attributes his recovery, the donor refusing to take a cent in payment.

The *Memories* furnish pleasing proof how common loyalty to the Union was at the South during the war. The author declares that he was never for any length of time in a company of Confederates without hearing expressions of tender regard for the old flag, and of hope that the Federal cause would win. In most sections a large minority, in some a majority, did not wish secession, and not a few even of those who voted for it did so with the most obscure and vague ideas of its meaning. Numbers of such Unionists were forced into the Confederate service notwithstanding, and fought with real bravery and with apparent zeal for the cause which they detested. The history of the war in this aspect can never be very fully written, since so many carried their loyalty as a sweet secret till death in battle or in hospital forever sealed their lips; so that students should make the most of such testimony in the matter as does in one way and another emerge.

E. BENJ. ANDREWS.

The War with Spain. By CHARLES MORRIS. (Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. 1899. Pp. 383.)

Our Navy in the War with Spain. By JOHN R. SPEARS. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899. Pp. xxii, 406.)

The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899. Pp. viii, 360.)

In Cuba with Shafter. By JOHN D. MILEY, Lieutenant-Colonel and Inspector-General, U. S. Volunteers, First Lieutenant, U. S. Artillery. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899. Pp. xi, 228.)

Campaigning in Cuba. By GEORGE KENNAN. (New York : The Century Co. 1899. Pp. 269.)

With Sampson through the War. By A. M. GOODE. (New York : The Doubleday and McClure Co. 1899. Pp. 307.)

No history of contemporary events can be final. Mr. Morris's book gives a useful sketch of their sequence in the Spanish War, illustrated rather by pictures than by military charts. Skeleton histories are fast filling up with stories of personal experiences, and meanwhile Mr. Morris gives us a crisp narrative, breathing full-chested patriotism, and naturally exaggerating both the dangers and the exploits of what, after all said, remains a hyper-lucky war.

Ten days after the declaration of war, Dewey dared the plunging fire of Corregidor, and sailed into Manila Bay. Ignoring mines, he pushed safely through what the Spaniards should have made a fatal passage. He had superior ships ; but Cavite carried twice as heavy guns, knowing which his act showed true American grit. Dewey believed in his ships, in his men. But Fortune smiled on him as she loves to smile on those only who compel her favors.

In 1865 we had the best navy in the world ; in 1873 the worst, as Mr. Spears points out. How characteristic of our American happy-go-lucky habit ! Trusting to expedients when the time shall come, we have so far escaped the penalty, but having now entered the European economy, must we not mend our ways ? Our new navy was begun in 1882, but Congressional parsimony is illustrated in the nine shots per gun per year to which navy gunnery was limited. Roosevelt, when in the Navy Department, increased the allowance, and our gunners quickly perfected their natural aptitude for shooting straight. Well it was, for at best, naval gunnery is erratic : the destruction at Manila and Santiago was wrought by three per cent. of hits by the smaller, much less by the big guns. Though brave the Spaniards ceased to shoot well so soon as our guns opened. Indiscreet courage goes for little, and our enemy, from inability to handle their weapons, went down. Marksmanship, as Admiral Sampson points out in Mr. Goode's book, depends upon gun-captains who are good judges of distance and of the motion of the ships and who can quickly adjust their range-sights. We alone had these men.

The navy has an appreciative biographer in Mr. Spears. With its brilliant international triumphs, it always appeals to our patriotism as the army does not, and as a happy corollary it is, unlike the less spectacular infantry, rarely subjected to grievous loss. This detracts not one iota from the navy's due : every man stands ready to go down with his ship ; but is it not wonderful that the achievements of 1898 could be purchased at a loss of only twenty men killed ? Especially here does luck show up ; for a single 10-inch shell might have sunk our biggest battle-ship. The fearlessness of the tars and the enterprise of the officers is illustrated by Mr. Spears in his narrative of the cable-cutting at Cienfuegos, of the marines at Guantanamo, of Hobson's splendid exploit (the pity of its injudicious

praise !), of the tackling, by the *Yosemite* single-handed, of the *Lopez*, two cruisers, one torpedo boat and the forts at San Juan de Porto Rico, of the saving of life from sinking ships, and of many other exploits. And note that the so-called "bookworms" of the navy were neck-and-neck with the line.

Mr. Davis's book ought to be entitled "*What I saw* of the Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns." Chatty and entertaining, it is a sort of picture-book (of which the hearsay is the least interesting) full of individual acts of bravery and with enough blood-spots to suit the lover of terrible war. The latest act of bravery is always the greatest. But it does not add to the effectiveness of a battle-tale to exaggerate the hotness of the fire or the heroism of the combatants. "Murderous fire" is measured by casualties. No words can overdraw the gallantry of the men whose business it is not, and yet who go forth to war. But is it true praise for a newspaper to talk of "one of the most brilliant assaults in history," when the killed and wounded are a bare dozen ; or to talk of facing a "hellish" fire, when the total casualties are but eight per cent.? Scores of regiments in the Civil War lost over fifty per cent. in some one action, a few eighty per cent. To be sure they had Anglo-Saxons to face, and while still called "Volunteers," they had been trained into the very best of regulars. It is ungracious, so soon after the courageous exploits of to-day's heroes, to bring the matter down to statistics ; but carping criticism on the general management of the war demands the reiteration of the fact that its battle casualties are exceptionally low ; and that the loss by disease was far less than usual.

The Spanish War lasted a "short term" from the declaration of war to protocol, or a "long term" of about one year. In round figures the average killed and wounded per week per 100,000 under arms, was 60 for short term, 30 for long term ; during the Civil War it was over 350. Deaths from all causes for short term were 150, long term 75 ; during the Civil War 230.

These figures do not prove the conduct of the war immaculate ; that is another question ; but they prove trifling the losses which yellow journalism has so unnecessarily flaunted in the eyes of the universe.

In another sense the war losses have been insignificant. In 1898, in the United States, nearly as many people were killed by lightning as were killed in battle ; more passengers were injured in railroad accidents than wounded in battle. Six times as many were killed by explosions, accidents in mines and falling buildings ; six times as many in fires ; ten times as many were drowned, not including marine disasters. In fact love drove to suicide as many as battle-lust claimed. But the usual fails to impress us ; the unusual always strikes the imagination.

It would be unreasonable to curb the hyperbole of the war-correspondent who fearlessly accompanies the fighting line. Much as the work of the Rough Riders has been before the public, it can scarcely be overpraised. In its ranks were men whose motto was solely "Noblesse Oblige," and men to whom a shooting affray was but the condiment of

daily life. Under such leaders as Wood and Roosevelt, how should the Rough Riders not make a record? There is no need to praise the regular. We know him and what we can always look to him to do. But we owe a debt to all volunteers which we are glad to pay, and which we shall not be allowed to forget.

Mr. Davis's fondness for criticism is fairly leashed, except in speaking of the conduct of the Santiago campaign—his pet horror. The critic is free from trammels and possesses facts which the commander ignored; and thus equipped (I speak from ancient experience) criticism becomes so easy that as one gains knowledge one becomes more tolerant. No doubt the Santiago campaign bristles with errors. The transports did sail in careless order; the landing of the troops for lack of boats was haphazard; the handling of supplies might have been better managed; it would have been well had General Shafter remained in robust health. But this was not purely a military campaign; it was a race against disease, a manœuvre which ought to have failed, and but for the Providence which watches over American destinies would have failed. Had Santiago been but half defended, our attack would have been thrust back. An immense levy of raw troops, supplies hastily collected and put in charge of new-made officers (even a Wanamaker's success comes from and depends on trained subordinates), lack of preparation in every department, a deadly climate, political ideas to the fore,—what was the apparent chance of success in Cuba? When politics holds most of the trumps in the game of war, soldiers cannot take all the tricks. And yet we won, by crude, crass luck—supplemented by gallant if not perfect management and weak opposition. If to-day's journalistic searchlights had been turned on most of the successful campaigns of the past, we should see material for criticism of even the greatest commanders, in comparison with which all allegations against Shafter would seem puerile. The good old days of war when the leader marched out, conscious that if he returned successful he was above criticism, have passed and gone.

But the public has its rights. Even Napoleon was criticized—though he took good care it should not be by war-correspondents.

Mr. Davis's description of the San Juan and El Caney fights is picturesque. Luckily the Spaniards did not hold their rifle-pits, as the Confederates did at Fredericksburg. These fights have been claimed to be the soldiers', not the commanders', battles. So have been many others; and yet Thapsus remains Caesar's, Mission Ridge Grant's victory.

That the Porto Rico campaign was better planned was due to General Miles having substantially his own way; that it succeeded was largely due to a more friendly population. The pages devoted to Porto Rico are pleasant reading.

Dewey's success in Manila, in passing, owes much to distance. Had he been in Cuban waters, who can presage equal military and popular success? Even Marlborough could gain no victories until he got beyond the control of the Dutch deputies; Nelson had no need to cut a cable. Every disease has its sequelae: The Manila disease, according to the

people's diagnosis, was broken up on May 1 ; but the sequelae threaten to be serious and lasting. Gallant Montojo was annihilated with eight wounded on our side ; since then, in perhaps only the first steps of our occupation, some 1600 have been killed and wounded ; and something over 300 men have died of disease. Despite our hopes of speedy Filipino collapse, the American people will be happy if our Asian colony does not become a national cemetery.

The military student turns with pleasure and profit to the even-handed, keen statement of facts by Colonel Miley of the headquarters staff, whose soldierly leaven gives authority to every page. Writing as an advocate, Colonel Miley would have made a less good case ; General Shafter is happy in his historian. The maps supply a marked need, as the accentuation of the ground and the movements are carefully set down. No space is devoted to personal details. The facts are clearly and conservatively given, and the reader finds these such as to need no bolstering by argument. Some things are left unsaid, but the book is not penned to satisfy the press.

Shafter was handicapped. His destination and purpose were uncertain until almost the last days at Tampa. Orders were of necessity changeable. The volunteers were but half equipped, and supplies came in piece-meal. One train brought meat ; another coffee ; a third hard bread. There was no place to store and select the rations, and scant time in which to victual the transports. Artillery, arms and ammunition arrived from different arsenals, and each gun had to be assembled. Wharfage was limited. Water on the transports was used by the troops already on board and awaiting final orders, which were alternately for speed or delay. The one railroad track was insufficient, and yet trains of sightseers and friends and relations blocked this track much of the time. Correspondents who must be tolerated gave away important information, though, be it said to his credit, the high-grade correspondent respected himself in respecting the limitations imposed by honor. Despite all, our first foreign expedition of 16,000 men, after orders as contradictory as the phantom cruise of Cervera, was got off with fair speed, arrived safely and was disembarked (thanks to the navy) without loss. It might have been done better, says the civilian critic ; but was there not room for much more blundering ? War is hide-and-seek in the dark. It is a question of who will make the fewest blunders. Once ashore, lusty Wheeler pressed on and won the fight at Las Guasimas. Thence the advance was pushed by Shafter's able lieutenants, over almost impracticable ground, to contact with the enemy ; headquarters was moved June 30 to a point whence El Caney and San Juan hill could be seen, and the battle of July 1 supervened. From landing to winning a battle which necessitated the surrender of Santiago was but a week. To ration the troops over apologies for roads, with transportation lamentably inefficient, was a serious undertaking, and fever was sure to come within a month. No soldier maintains that Shafter's management was perfect. Tried by the measure applied by critics to this one, it might be hard to find

a perfect campaign in history. War must as a rule be gauged by success ; and if we could imagine Shafter beyond interference, and accomplishing what he did without the criticism of newspapers, of inexperienced officers, of hungry men who had thrown away their rations rather than carry them, and of hysterical friends at home, and all this at a loss far below the average, should we not have yielded him the proper meed of praise ? Imagine the movement with regulars alone, used to hardship and expecting it, and unaccompanied by correspondents who must furnish copy for glowing headlines—would there have been much fault found ? It is an axiom that the work of able subordinates redounds to the commander's credit—and Shafter's subordinates were highly efficient.

In a number of chapters which are easy, agreeable reading, Mr. Kennan gives a much-needed account of the doings of the Red Cross, and his personal adventures when quarantined in Santiago lend a crisp idea of what manner of city it then was. He dilates on the gigantic preparations of the press, on their fifteen or twenty big despatch-boats and numerous small launches ; on the herculean labors performed and risks run by the correspondents in furnishing early advices of what was going on ; and on the vast sums and facilities put at their disposal. Despite Manila censorship, we surely need not doubt the freedom of the press ! The old-fashioned military student has learned that no success can be expected unless the commander is an autocrat, and he looks aghast at the modern army of critics swarming around headquarters. Now that electricity can put the general in hourly communication with the War Department, it is doubtful whether ever again there can be wars on the old plan, where, for the time being, real power is committed to one man.

In Mr. Kennan's book much stress is laid on the lack of supplies, on the things the soldier had to do without. Turning back to an old diary kept during the Civil War, I find, in 1862 and 1863, when our war was many months old, incidents which might be bodily transferred to any of the books under review. Though wearing shoulderstraps, I often went without hard-tack on the march ; I was once reduced to wheat-kernels gathered in the fields ; to have enough crackers, salt pork and coffee to keep from gnawing hunger was deemed unusual luxury ; beef rarely reached me ; and as to cooking, the ubiquitous tin cup and nature's tools sufficed. We worked, sick or well ; as to medical attendance, I once lay four days wounded without any. Nor was my case unusual. War is always hell—to which rule there is no exception. The soldiers, aye and the officers, of the best equipped army that since the days of Philip of Macedon has ever started on a campaign, the Prussian army in 1870 to wit, all went hungry time and time again. Even Bismarck himself, in wealthy France, was more than once at a loss for a bite to appease his hunger—vide his memoirs.

We owe much to Mr. Kennan for his interesting work, in which he opens up and cultivates a new field in a most efficient manner ; but he will pardon us if we refrain from taking his criticism of the Santiago campaign too seriously. Overmuch of it is hearsay. Its tendency is,

however, the same that is preached by all the war-books, that unless we learn now, as we never have in the past, to keep prepared in earnest, all our future wars will be more full of hardship, and probably of disaster, than the last one.

Admiral Sampson possesses a staunch champion in Mr. Goode, who, as correspondent of the Associated Press, was aboard the flagship *New York*, and gives us numberless details about the daily life on our battle-ships. The successive books on the Spanish War are much like the once fashionable *air varié*; and the variations played on the original theme are as diverting as they are numerous. Considerable space is devoted to the unfortunate journalistic Sampson-Schley controversy. After all said, the commanding admiral is entitled to the lion's share of the prize-money and the credit. If fleets are to be homogeneous bodies, no other rule will do.

The chapter by Admiral Sampson himself is noteworthy as showing how completely outclassed Cervera was. We had three first-class and two second-class battle-ships, two armored cruisers and two improvised torpedo-boat destroyers; the enemy had but four armored cruisers and two torpedo-boat destroyers. Still our speedy victory was due to superior gunnery and our national habit of confidence. Had the forces been reversed, we might yet have won. Captain Evans, in an equally interesting chapter, sums up the lessons of the war as a need of long distance and fast cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers, and colliers; a need of smokeless powder and fuel, a good range-finder, and better communication in and between ships.

So much has been written about this war that there is scant room for Mr. Goode or for anyone else to say anything distinctly new; but the book is remunerative reading. It might be added that the plethora of war criticism has equally forestalled any novelty from the pen of a reviewer.

THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.

The History of South America from its Discovery to the Present Time, compiled from the Works of the best Authors and from authentic Documents, many hitherto unpublished, in various Archives and public and private Libraries in America and Spain. By an American. Translated from the Spanish by ADNAH H. JONES. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1899. Pp. viii, 345.)

THIS ostentatious title masks a fraud. The anonymous author of the *Historia de la America del Sur, desde su descubrimiento hasta nuestros dias*, etc., etc., *por un Americano* (Barcelona, 1878), which a confiding translator has now given to the English public, solved the perplexities of research and original composition by lifting bodily the work of Alfred Deberle, *Histoire de l'Amérique du Sud, depuis la Conquête jusqu'à nos Jours*, 2^{ème} éd., Paris, 1876). Occasionally a paragraph is added, here